

Philalethes
1077-k#23
3
A CONGRATULATORY

EPISTLE

FROM

Philalethes
n

His Holiness the POPE,

TO

The Reverend Dr. SNAPE.

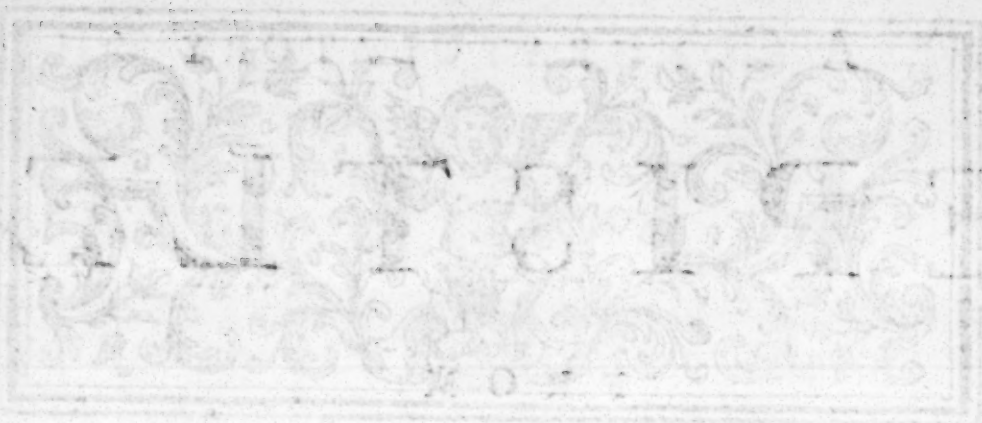
Faithfully Translated from the *Latin* Original into
English VERSE.

By the AUTHOR of *Protestant Popery*.
not answered

Ecce iterum CRISPINUS, & *est mihi* Sæpe vocandus
Ad Partes — — — *Juv.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CURLL in *Fleet-street*. 1718.



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PREFACE.

THE following traiterous *Epistle* from his Holiness to the Reverend Doctor in the Title Page, was no less surprizingly than happily intercepted by the Master of a small *English* Vessel not far off from the *British* Coast. The Manner and Circumstances of it will, I doubt not, in due time, be communicated to the Publick by Authority : So that it shall be my Business at present only to inform the World how it came into my Hands, and for what Reasons I make so Seditious a Libel publick. It was transmitted to me by one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, to whom it was delivered when first taken, with Leave to make what use of it I should judge best for the

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Interest

P R E F A C E.

Interest of the Nation. I thought that if it were publish'd, it would stand for an unquestionable Testimony of the close Conjunction of the Partizans at *Rome* to some amongst us in *England*; and that it would particularly serve for a Clue to the present Controversy. These were the Reasons which chiefly induc'd me to publish it. The Original is in *Latin* Hexameter Verse; but for several Political Reasons, which shall remain secret, as well as because it would be otherwise very unpopular, I have been at the trouble of translating it, as well as I could with sufficient Expedition, into *English*. The Original is indeed admirably fine, and discovers through almost every Line of it the Marks of a more than ordinary Inspiration: But in the Translation, my main Design in it being to expose the Enemies of our happy Establishment in Church and State to the most vulgar Eye, I have had Regard rather to the Matter of it, than to those numerous, unusual Flights and Delicacies of Poetry, with which an Imagination, professedly Infallible, and therefore more than Humane, must naturally abound.

I know very well, that the Doctor will stiffly deny any such Correspondence, solemnly declare this Epistle to be maliciously forged against him,
and

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and endeavour to extricate Himself from the Consequences of it, by amusing the World with an *Account* of his *Loyalty*, and *Averseness* to *Popery*, supported by *ample Testimonies* of *Gentlemen*, *Clergy*, and *others* ; and perhaps even *Bishops* Themselves : But I do hereby before-hand advise him to get such *Gentlemen*, such *Clergy*, and such *Bishops*, in his behalf, as stand in the Eye of the World unsuspected of any the like Practices and Designs with himself. The Fact is openly produced against him ; and Facts are, he knows very well, *stubborn, unmanageable Things*. If what I have already said will not convince him, and the World, that this Piece is Genuine, what I have farther to propose, *must*. If then he be really curious to know whether Justice be done him in this Matter, and desires a fuller Satisfaction in it, and if he will acquaint my Bookseller therewith, he shall meet me at any proper Place, which he shall appoint, and see the *Latin* Original in his Holiness's own Hand-writing : *Provided* (which I think very fair) he will bring along with him the genuine, original Copy of *Mr. Pillonniere's Letter* to the *Jesuits*, which He publish'd in his *Vindication*.

Having made this generous Proposal to remove all manner of Doubts, I will however for once suppose

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pose it not to be (what I have proved it to be) genuine ; I will suppose it forged purposely to reflect on the Doctor, and yet, I am persuaded, the impartial World would notwithstanding acquit me of the Scandal : For if the Doctor's own late Antichristian Attempts utterly to ruin the good Name of two innocent Persons (a pious Bishop, and a learned and valuable Fugitive, from the Absurdities and Cruelties of the *Romish* Church) will not sufficiently justify a Satyrical Chastisement ; then Rebellion, and Atheism it self, Murder, Rapine, Drunkenness, Debauchery, and all the grossest Wickednesses in the World, ought for the same Reason to go unpunished and uncondemn'd. His insolent Behaviour towards the Bishop ; and his unnatural, barbarous Treatment of a sincere Convert to the Religion which he *professes*, who had given him no Provocation, is, I may safely say, unparallel'd as well as unjustifiable. His own heartiest Well-wishers, and the heartiest Well-wishers to that Cause which he has undertaken, must, whether they will or no, in this Case, unanimously abhor such Proceedings in their Hearts, tho' they care not openly to avow it, for fear of discountenancing the great *Achilles* of their Party, and lessening the Interest which he is so strenuously serving ;

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serving : For let the most partial, the most bigotted and interested Man upon Earth look back, if he can, upon this long, continued Series of Iniquity, without at least a tacit, conscientious Indignation ; Let him behold it first beginning in the Heat and Hurry of Passion, by a rash Assertion, which this Reverend Divine, embarrass'd on all sides with Difficulties, made at random without any Proof, or any possible well-grounded Hopes of Proof, and against the Light and inward Conviction of his own Mind : Let him behold it carried on by the same wicked, unaccountable Methods of Revenge, and blind Fury ; and at last, when nothing else could be done, confirm'd by the Evidence of a *profligate, perjur'd* Wretch, confessed so on both sides, an *Ecclesiastical Knight of the Post*, who was resolved to turn a Penny in this Affair, and swear for him that Paid best. I say, the most prejudic'd of all Men, if he has yet any Remains of Tenderness left, if he has but one poor Spark of Humanity unextinguish'd in his Breast, if he calls himself a Man or a Christian, will make the Case of this *unhappy Stranger* his own, and share in all the Bitterness and Severity of his Enemies. For my own Part, I do indeed think my self at Liberty to persist in the Defense of *Innocence* and
Virtue,

P R E F A C E.

Virtue, and to animadvert on the different Characters of *Vice*, in whatsoever *sanctified Shapes* it shall make its Appearance, and under whatsoever popular Disguises it shall insinuate itself into the Passions of the unthinking or designing Part of Mankind. I am resolved, upon all Occasions, as far as I am able, to detect and expose the scandalous Artifices of an enraged, disappointed and revengeful *Party*: I am resolved to vindicate the Reputation of an innocent and eminently pious and learned Bishop from the Aspersions undeservedly thrown upon him by Persons who are under the greatest Obligations to him for his excellent (I may say) unanswerable Writings in Defense of *Protestantism* in general, and of the *Church of England* in particular; and who for that Reason ought, instead of the ungrateful Returns of Envy, Malice and Defamation, to join their Hands and their Hearts with him in the same Cause, against the Common Enemy. And this I shall do, notwithstanding all the hard Names and unjust Imputations which I must expect to meet with; notwithstanding all the Enemies I shall by this means rouse up against me, and (what with me weighs more than every thing else put together) notwithstanding it should prove disgustful to the very Man for whose Service it is intended:

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intended : for that the Bishop is unwilling any of his Adversaries should experience any Severities upon his Account, he has often told us, and that he disapproves such Methods of Controversy equally on both sides : And this is the only thing in which I could prevail with myself to give him any Pain and Uneasiness. But shall a peaceable, good-natur'd Man be torn to Pieces, meerly because he is so ? Shall the best inward Disposition, and the most candid outward Behaviour meet with nothing but Affronts and Insolences ? And shall it become unjust to use Men in the same manner, that they use others ? No, no : For tho' they have found it impossible to provoke his Lordship to any indecent Returns of ill Treatment, and therefore are continually railing and reviling without any Fears of the like Usage from him ; they must however expect, that the Spectators of their Behaviour will rise up in Defense of Modesty, Virtue and Good-nature, and rebuke the *proud and haughty Scorners, who dealeth in proud Wrath*. These sort of Men indeed have been so long used to receive Argument and Reason in return for *Billingsgate* and Impudence ; Pity and Forgiveness, for Injuries and Abuses ; Civility, for Reproach ; and in short, the best Treatment for the worst ; that they seem at length to esteem it a Privilege belonging

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peculiarly

P R E F A C E.

peculiarly to themselves ; and will in time, if not check'd in their Arrogance, plead for it by Prescription and Charter.

I shall conclude with assuring the Doctor, that when he shall think fit to desist from his Insults on Innocence and Merit, I will desist from (what he may call, if he pleases) insulting him ; and that I will still follow his Example, whether he be inclin'd to Peace or War. And this is what I thought proper to say as the Publisher of the following Poem ; and so I take my leave.





A CONGRATULATORY
EPISTLE
FROM

His Holiness the POPE



TO

The Reverend Dr. SNAPE.



O Thee, my SNAPE, in these Reform-
ing Times,

Grateful, we send our Blessing and our
Rimes.

Odd it may seem for Us, the Guide of *Kings*,
To sport and flutter on Poetic Wings ;

2 *An* EPISTLE *from the* POPE

Odd it may seem for your unerring Sire
To rave, like *School-boys*, with Romantic Fire ;
Whilst *Conscience-liberty* disturbs our Peace,
And stubborn, miter'd Heretics increase ;
While the declining *See* expects her Doom,
And *Europe* plots the second Fall of *Rome* ;
Whilst o'er the World the impious Scheme prevails
Of *English* BANGOR, and of *French* NOAILLES.
Licentious Miscreants ! with Gigantic Pride,
Our Apostolic Censures they deride ;
We ply each Engine with successless Pain,
And with Damnation threaten 'em in vain :
Our *Bulls* the Hangman to the Flame commands,
Fated to perish by unhallow'd Hands ;
The faithless *Gaul* augments our sacred Woes,
And *Brunswick* smiles, disdainful, on his Foes.

Nor yet, my Son, these ghostly Lays refuse,
The Labours of a Sacerdotal Muse ;
Think not that Rimeing is beneath our Care,
Or that a Poet ill becomes the *Chair* :

My

To the Reverend Dr. SNAPE. 3

My Soul to such an Extasy is wrought,
Verse can alone unload my swelling Thought;
Verse can alone with proper Force impart
The fervent *Breathings* of a grateful Heart.

When first W E heard, confirm'd by ev'ry Mail,
What Labours you attempt, what Foes assail;
How, fir'd with vengeful Zeal, and pious Rage,
You durst with HOADLY in the Lists engage:
On ev'ry Brow a sudden Smile appear'd,
On ev'ry Tongue a sudden Joy was heard:
My self am ravish'd with the pleasing Tale,
And in my Breast reviving Hopes prevail.
Thro' *Albion's* Isle, I seem once more to Reign,
And sanguine Triumphs beat in ev'ry Vein.
With silent Joy thy Labours I peruse,
And bless thro' every Page thy glorious Views:
I scan each Doctrine, sift each doubtful Line,
And prove THY *darling Principles* by MINE;
Thy *stable Fundamentals* are the same,
And bear, like *Sterling-Gold*, the purging Flame:
Unmix'd

4 *An* EPISTLE *from the* POPE

Unmix'd with gross, *Heretical Allay*,
Thy Works the *Dictates of the* CHURCH display ;
And, after the severest Test, are found
Pure, Cathelick, and Orthodoxly found.

But most those learned Pages we admire,
(For so our Int'rest and our Cause inspire)
Where, with consummate, controversial Strength,
You treat of *Church Authority* at length.
In that *main Point* exactly WE agree,
And BELLARMINE himself might yield to THEE.
Well do'st thou plead for UNDISPUTED Pow'r ;
The *Church*, if once that ceases, is no more :
POWER is the Cement of Religious Truth,
And from Division AWES the roving Youth :
POWER can old Modes restore, or new ones make,
And claim SUBMISSION for SUBMISSION'S
fake ;

POWER can alone uphold th' *implicit Cause*,
And gain *Belief* to UNEXAMIN'D LAWS ;

POWER

To the Reverend Dr. SNAPE. 5

POWER can alone our UNITY increase,
'And sooth the *stubborn Schismatic* to PEACE;
POWER can enforce that Faith, which first it made,
And Conscience from its strongest Bent dissuade.
(From wild to wild *unguided* Conscience strays,
'And wanders on in her erroneous Maze.)
Your true, staunch Churchman disbelieves his Mind,
'And trusts to the Decisions of Mankind;
He, blindly, Faith at *second hand* receives,
And not in JESUS, but the *Priest* believes.
He piques not of himself with haughty Pride,
Nor boasts the Dictates of an *inward Guide*;
Nor in his Heart erects a *Conscience-Throne*,
But models, by the *Standard Faith*, his own:
Since *Conscience* is at best a doubtful Light;
But *Priests* are, by their Office, in the Right.

What tho' the *Bishop's* Arguments excel,
Since *Railing* and *Reproach* will do as well?
Thy *Sacred Scandals*, and *Religious Lies*
Conceal the latent Truth from vulgar Eyes.

Our

6 *An EPISTLE from the POPE*

Our common Cause on Artifice depends,
The gravest Villains are its surest Friends :
Whose venal Faith on worldly Sanctions moves,
And such my dearest SNAPE himself approves.

With fervent Soul I bless'd the great Design,
When *Defamation* flow'd thro' ev'ry Line ;
When you unravel'd, with no vulgar Art,
The mazy Folds and Doublings of the Heart ;
The Prelate-Foe by *Hear-say* you abus'd,
And HEADLY stood of Perjury accus'd :
You broke into the Secrets of his Breast,
And to your Eyes his *Meanings* were confess'd ;
You call'd him *Atheist*, unbelieving *Sot*,
Free-Thinker, *Jesuit*, and in short, what not ?
Names ill conjoin'd ! — but what can Priests contrive,

That an implicit Rabble won't believe ?
They glean the straggling *Rumours* of the Town,
And swallow each luxurious *Scandal* down.

Nor

To the Reverend Dr. SNAPE. 7

Nor less I joy'd, when in the self-same Page,
Th' *Apostate* fell a Victim to thy Rage :
He, PILLONNIERE, who from our Altars fled,
(Damnation light upon his impious Head.)
You strive, indeed, to blacken him in vain ;
His late Behaviour is alas ! too plain :
A most outrageous Heretick in Grain !—
Full well thou know'st it ——— come we Two are
Friends ;

To me thou mayst confess thy Covert Ends :
Because no Jesuit, therefore you defame ;
And if it please the Party, 'tis the same.
Thy famous *Letter to the COLLEGE* feign'd
Of Wit and Gall no common Marks contain'd :
For in the shrewdest Ironies express'd,
The keenest Satire lurk'd in ev'ry Jest.
'Twas subtly finish'd, subtly 'twas design'd,
To wake the Passions, and inflame the Mind.

8 *An EPISTLE from the P O P E*

No Ranks and Orders can escape thy Pen,
Ev'n BRUNSWICK fares with *Thee* like other Men.
With smart Lampoon you gall'd the *Victor-KING*;
My Heart exulted when I 'spy'd the Sting.
The *Innuendo* was exceeding smart,
And couch'd in poignant Words with wond'rous
Art.

Methinks I saw the old Usurper Rage,
And rend with conscious Wrath the biting Page:
The shocking Charge so artfully imply'd,
Tickled his rising Spleen, and check'd his Pride.

A certain learned Wight, not long ago
Our Correspondent was, nor Friend nor Foe:
He entertain'd Us with diverting Chat;
One *Richard Steele* — a smoaky Fellow that!
He told us frankly, in the *Christian Creed*,
That *Rome* and *England* were almost agreed.
Ah! little did I deem, what since I find,
Your Hearts so strongly to my Cause inclin'd:

To the Reverend Dr. SNAPE. 9

A thousand silly Scruples fill'd my Breast ;
I thought the merry Knight dispos'd to Jest.

Nor shalt *Thou* labour in our Cause in vain,
The *Hat* and *Purple* shall reward thy Pain :
Henceforth no more we wage religious Wars ;
Henceforth our Quarrels cease, and mutual Jars.
My *Snape* the Charm of Heresy has broke,
And *Albion* scorns no more the *Romish* Yoke :
My *Snape* has recogniz'd our sacred Reign ;
And *Reformation* shall roll back again.
The *Beadsman* oft, with Rapture in his Face,
And Eyes up-lifted, blesses all thy Race :
And oft, as thoughtful o'er the Meads he strays,
Repeats in Transport thy establish'd Praise :
The publick Voice of *Rome* applauds thy Deeds,
And a full *Conclave* has receiv'd thy *Creeds*.

But oh ! one fatal Ill remains behind ;
One painful Doubt disturbs my Anxious Mind :

10 *An* EPISTLE *from the* POPE

Still, still, I fear, our tow'ring Hopes are crost,
And all this flatt'ring, gaudy Vision lost.
For oh! distracting Thought! our dreadful Foes,
BRUNSWICK and HOADLY Thy Designs oppose,
And propagate to late succeeding Time,
Contagious *Heresy* thro' ev'ry Clime.
Wherefore dispatch Them to the Shades below;
Shoot, stab, or poison; 'tis no Matter how.
In lavish Reams, no more your Pamphlets spread;
You'll never *argue* a Fanatic dead:
Fire, Sword and Faggot will alone convince,
And bring the stupid Heretic to Sense;
At once the Tyrant from his Throne displace,
And quite extirpate his usurping Race:
Nor think that Vengeance on such Crimes will fall,
A *Dispensation* shall reverse it all,

To Thee, and all his unsuccessful Friends,
Most grateful Thanks your hapless Monarch sends,
Beneath our Eye, so partial Heav'n ordains,
The pensive Youth with mimic Splendor reigns;
From

To the Reverend Dr. SNAPE. II

From Land to Land the Royal Out-Law fled,
Nor had a Place to rest his weary Head ;
'Till Rome at length, by strong Compassion sway'd,
With friendly Arm reach'd out the timely Aid.
His long disputed Titles he lays down,
And to his Rival quits the *British* Throne :
Forc'd to resign to BRUNSWICK's pow'rful Might,
And boasts in vain his *Patriarchal Right*.
Henceforth he studies to oblige the Fair,
And dedicates his Life to Love and Pray'r :
In Love and Pray'r, like Thee, all rapt in *Flame*,
His Crucifix addresses, and his Dame.
You've heard how, with persuasive Pow'rs endu'd,
The exil'd *Ormond* for his Monarch su'd :
In vain he su'd ; relentless to his Sighs,
The scornful PRINCESS * his *Espousals* flies ;
And *Russia's* Monarch in his Pride disdains
To mix his Royal Blood in doubtful Veins.

* Of Courland.

12 *An* EPISTLE *from the* POPE

Unhappy PRINCE! on Ills, new Ills arise,
Disastrous News! His Bigot-Mother dies:
She dies; and (oh! how shocking to relate?)
She dies forgetful of Her JAMES's Fate.
Her hoarded Wealth, alas! the fatal Day,
She from her darling JAMES bequeaths away;
A *Stranger* seizes on the lawless store,
As on his Kingdoms BRUNSWICK seiz'd before.
How will the Tyrant triumph, when he hears,
That not one *Livre* is the CHEVALIER'S?
Will not the Whigs affirm, with cruel Joy,
That by this Deed she has disown'd the Boy?
And won't the World have Reason to believe
What only Whigs before could ev'n conceive?

Of all the *Stuart*-Race but One is left,
And he, alas! of every Hope bereft:
The potent Nations, aw'd by BRUNSWICK's Fame,
His proffer'd Friendship and his Cause disclaim.
Malignant Stars in social Leagues combine,
And Heav'n and Earth in his Destruction join.

Each

To the Reverend Dr. SNAPE. 13

Each distant View of RESTORATION's cross,
And *Britain's* Empire is for ever lost.

What else remains, but that in grateful Part,
Our warmest Thanks and Blessings we impart:
First, to the *Synod* ; for Supreme are *They*,
And first, in Duty, pav'd the rugged Way:
Bid Them go on ; Their *Damning Pow'rs* resume,
And to the Heretic denounce his Doom.
Assert their Independent, Priestly Crown,
And crush the stupid, upstart Layman down:
Bid them assert their boasted Claims divine ;
Nor tamely to a Civil Pow'r resign.

To fiery *Trap* in strongest Ties I'm bound,
And *Marsden*, both for Impudence renown'd:
All humane Bars, regardless, They o'erthrow,
And with uncommon Warmth attack the Foe:
Each zealous Chief with lawless Fury writes,
And in the grossest Insolence delights.

Law,

14 *An EPISTLE from the POPE*

Law, with unwearied, and unanswer'd Pains,
The Priest's unbroken Pedigree maintains.
Thro' each dark Century's perplexing Maze,
The long successive Priesthood he displays :
While Rival Pow'rs dispute th' *Unerring* Chair,
And each declares himself the Apostles Heir :
While Ignorance the Christian World defac'd,
And Wars and Famines laid the Nations waste :
From Age to Age the sacred Clue descends,
Till in Himself the lengthen'd Lineage ends.
On this *Foundation* stands our *Common Cause*,
And *Rome* from hence Her *grand Conclusions* draws.
Hence We confute our contumacious Foes,
Because from *Us* Their *own Succession* flows :
From hence our strongest Arguments We bring,
And of Salvation boast our selves the Spring.

With equal Learning He condemns the Pride
Of *Private Judgment*, and a Bosom Guide.

'Tis Arrogance, which nothing can atone,
To trust to no Man's *Judgment*, but one's own:
'Tis to subvert all Decency and Rules;
And, in Effect, to call a *Synod*, Fools.
In vain our Cardinals in Conclave sit,
If each Man must *Believe* — as He thinks fit.
No, let Mankind in our Decisions rest,
And check the squeamish Scruples in their Breast:
Or let 'em *blindly* follow, as we lead,
Or *chuse* their own Damnation in the stead.

Amongst the rest, one strange ambiguous Elf,
Seems ever to be wrangling with Himself:
Whose Principles are all of monstrous Growth,
Nor Orthodox, nor Heterodox, but Both.
With equal Skill on each Side He disputes,
And his own Blunders learnedly confutes.
So awkwardly unhappy at a Lye,
He still *confesses* what he would *deny*:

16 *An* EPISTLE *from* the P O P E

And often gravely, when the Spirit moves,
 Condemns the self-same Doctrines and approves :
 Self-inconsistent, not an Hour the same ;
 And Contradictions his Religion frame :
 His restless Thoughts are ever on the Change,
 And from Opinion to Opinion range.
 Some evil Genius guides his *Proteus*-Mind ;
 Still in a Flux, and fickle as the Wind.
 What 'tis he *means*, the Truth I must confess,
 Puzzles *Infallibility* to guess.
 Strange, doubtful Creature ! Prithee let him know,
 That if He's not my Friend, He is my Foe :
 Bid him forthwith each quibbling Gloss recall ;
 Bid Him speak plain, or else not speak at all.

To *Howell*, whilom our undaunted Chief ;
 Oh ! how shall I relate my painful Grief ?
 Unhappy Friend ! great Agent in my Cause,
 Tears from my Eyes thy sad Affliction draws :
 My Heart bled for Thee, when oh ! fatal Sound !
 Fame told Thee first in ruthless Durance bound.

But,

But, *Thou*, despise each Insult on thy Fame,
And learn by Patience to o'ercome the Shame.
Learn to endure what, on the self-same Score,
The bold *Sacheverell* has endur'd before.
With wonted Scorn, as freshest Mails advise,
Sacheverell still the Whiggish Power defies:
He seems forgetful of the former Ill,
And, fearless, from the Pulpit Thunders still.

To *Brett* and *Johnson*, each our faithful Friend,
Our Apostolic-Blessing we commend.
Let *Orme*, with our sincerest Thanks, be told
That *Jemmy Shepherd* is a Saint enroll'd:
He was, we hear, a very wond'rous Youth,
And swung Triumphant in the Cause of Truth.
With noble Pride He spurn'd the proffer'd Grace,
And sign'd the pious Murder to their Face.
Unmov'd with Fear the dreadful Shock withstood,
And seal'd the God-like Purpose with his Blood.
Deathless, as *Garnet*, shall descend his Fame,
And future *Jacobites* invoke his Name.

18 *An EPISTLE from the P O P E.*

Thus to my SNAPE my inmost Griefs I send,
My faithful *Nuncio*, and sincerest Friend.

Thro' ev'ry Realm the *Holy Empire* fails,
And universal *Heresy* prevails:

Ev'n Miter'd Heads our sacred Powers withstand;
FLEETWOODS and HOADLYS rise in ev'ry Land.

France Her Allegiance from the *See* withdraws,
And half the *Northern World* disputes our Cause.

My Sorrows scarce an hundred Tongues can tell;
And Rage and Shame suppress my Words—*Farewel.*

F I N I S.



P O S T S C R I P T.

SINCE the inserting of my Advertisement in the *Evening-Post* of *Tuesday* the 20th instant, my Bookseller has given me to understand from Mr. *Sewell*, that his sole Design in his Advertisement in the *Post-Boy* was to acquit Himself from the Charge of being the Author of my Poem, intituled, *Protestant Popery*, &c. Mr. *Sewell* has likewise the Gentleman-like Ingenuity to assure him that the warm Expressions He has made use of against me were occasion'd by his delaying to put in an Advertisement which he left with him, dated *May* the 5th, viz.

“ W Hereas it has been industriously reported,
“ That I wrote a Poem, intituled, *Protestant Popery*; or *The Convocation*. Addressed to
“ the *Bishop of Bangor*; I do hereby solemnly declare, That I did not write that *Poem*, or any
“ part of it. This Declaration, in Justice to myself
“ I make public, the World having imputed many
“ Things to me, as well as this, which I never
“ so much as read.


May 5. 1718.

G. Sewell.

This

P O S T S C R I P T.

This Justice to Himself being, as I think it, very reasonable, so I hope that I have given Him the fullest Satisfaction therein. And I do likewise think my self obliged to comply with the Request, which He now makes to me, in explaining an Expression in my Advertisement, where I say, that "*I doubt not but the same ETONIAN Charge of Scurrility and Nonsense will be fix'd on this Poem as to my other:*" Which Expression, He informs Mr. Curll, has by some Gentlemen been understood to carry an invidious Reflection on that excellent School in general: Wherefore I do hereby declare, that I meant only by *it* to allude to the ill-manner'd Conduct of Dr. *Snape* during this Controversy. This Declaration I the rather make, because I am sensible, that the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of BANGOR has, in that Place, very few Enemies (if any) besides the present, egregious *Letter-writing* Master; whose continued, unretracted Calumnies, and unprovok'd, insolent Abuses of that truly valuable Prelate, justly deserve the severest Management; and which He and his Gang must always, until They are brought to a due Sense of Shame, expect to meet with from



PHILALETHES.

BOOKS lately Printed for E. CURLL
in *Fleet-street*.

1. **A**N EPISTLE to the CHEVALIER. Oc-
casion'd by his Removal over the *Alps*, and
the Discovery of the *Swedish* CONSPIRACY. The
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2. *Protestant Popery*: or, *The* CONVOCATION.
A POEM. In Five Cantos. Address'd to the
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